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THE

Commonweal

The Status of Women

Far from Equal Rights

by Norma Krause Herzfeld

City in Limbo

Time Grows Short for Berlin

by Gabriel Gersh

JOHN DEWEY'S CHALLENGE . . . . . *by John J. McDermott*
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WATCHING THE WATCHMEN . . . . . *by John Cogley*
FORMULAS FOR CITIES . . . . . *by Philip Burnham*
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THE DOWNSIDE REVIEW

A BENEDICTINE QUARTERLY

BARON VON HÜGEL once wrote to a young friend: *"Ne lisez jamais les petits journaux religieux."* The Downside Review agrees with this stricture and hopes to evade it. In an age of digests, it attends to the needs of digestion. For while it is possible, with little effort on the part of either writer or reader, to set up a panoramic vision of philosophy, or theology, or history, this is really to take a further step in the flight from understanding. There is no profit in arranging already too familiar concepts in a novel pattern. They must be conceived again and anew. New readers must be invited to assist in the dynamic act of intelligence, wherein they were forged. There is no other way to intelligence, and intelligence is the only way of escape from anger and continued misunderstanding. And as the billiard cue striking the ball does not communicate motion to it but actualizes its own inherent potency for motion, so, in an infinitely higher degree, the teacher or writer does not communicate his ideas but solicits in the reader an act purely his own. In practice this means, generally, long unhurried articles that will repay more than one reading. We try not to fall too far below this program and its implied standard.

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Write to: The Secretary

THE DOWNSIDE REVIEW

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THIS WEEK

Week by Week 511

The Status of Women
by Norma Krause Herzfeld 515

Watching the Watchmen
by John Cogley 519

Formulas for Cities
by Philip Burnham 520

City in Limbo
by Gabriel Gersh 521

The Stage
by Richard Hayes 523

The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung 524

Manners and Morals
by Max Cosman 525

Books 527

Records: The Jazz Circuit
by Don Wooten 530

THE COMMONWEAL
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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

THE "CATHOLIC LIBERAL"

IT WAS INEVITABLE, with the introduction of religious questions into the political campaign, that several familiar discussions would be renewed. So seldom do these discussions seem to advance understanding, remove prejudice or persuade the unpersuaded, that one is frequently tempted to dismiss them as useless or, becoming bored, to move on to other less worn issues that have at least the appeal of novelty. As attractive as the latter course may be, it has very real dangers. Some problems may die from old age or lack of attention, but one cannot count on it. A single example will not only show the vitality of old, familiar charges, but will emphasize the need to face them once again.

Within recent weeks there appeared two statements concerning liberalism. The first, which appeared in the New York *Times*, reported an address delivered to a local Democratic group by a Catholic speaker. Asserting that "liberalism remains the dynamic necessary force in American life, in American politics," the speaker said that the "only instrument through which liberalism can be effective in politics is the Democratic Party."

The second, which appeared in a journal intended primarily for Catholic priests, said: "Let, therefore, no Catholic assume such a reprobated term as "Liberal," for that term stands in violent and open antithesis to all that is Catholic. Most to be feared, however, is not the person who openly boasts of his Liberalism, but one who eschews the name and who, while vehemently denying it, is yet steeped to the gills in it, and continually speaking and acting under its inspiration."

Faced with these two statements only, most readers would have little difficulty in reconciling the apparent contradiction. Although the term "liberalism" appears in both statements, it clearly refers to different concepts. In the first statement it obviously refers to the realities of the present American political scene, the realities which allow one to speak meaningfully of Nelson Rockefeller as a "liberal" Republican. And, such readers might add, as the term "Liberalism" is used in the second statement (and as the capitalization indicates), it probably refers to the nineteenth-century philosophy of Liberalism condemned by Pius IX and largely discredited by the brutal history of the twentieth century.

SUCH readers would be only partly right, for the second statement appears in an article called "Catholic Liberals: Oddity in Terms," an article which revives the familiar attack upon the "Catholic Liberal," or, as the phrase has been most frequently used, the "liberal Catholic." And the charges are the familiar ones. The author of the article states that "no word has ever been coined to cover a greater or more contradictory variety of thoughts and actions than Liberalism. It has a doctrinaire, a philosophical, a theological and a political meaning." After granting this, however, he attempts to saddle the "liberal Catholic" with the manifold errors of philosophical Liberalism and with the responsibility for the now-dead Liberal myths of the inevitability of progress, of human perfectibility, of utopian planning. "No matter how much present-day so-called Catholic liberals stoutly deny it, there are strong cases of the original Liberalism in their attitudes, writings and lectures."

The difference is, then, only partly a semantic difference. Some Catholics, whether they wish it or not, are going to be labeled "liberal Catholics." While the charge is an old one, the "liberal Catholic" of today no longer has to define terms anew,

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to voice only aspirations for the future, or to reassert, however redundantly, his allegiance to the teaching Church. He can now point to a significant body of achievements which have been produced by "liberal Catholics." It is the "liberal Catholic" who has aligned himself with those whose record concerning social legislation, opposition to Hitler and to Soviet imperialism is most admirable. It is the "liberal Catholic" who has most vigorously tried to implement the social encyclicals of Leo XIII. It is the "liberal Catholic" who, following St. Augustine's injunction to "love intelligence greatly," has attempted to renew in America the Catholic tradition of the intellectual life. It is the "liberal Catholic," again, who has promoted that awareness of liturgical reform which is so significant in religious life today.

Not everyone identified as a "liberal Catholic" will welcome the appellation, and we ourselves would not encourage its use. But judged simply by the accomplishments of those to whom it is applied, it can hardly be thought a term of reprobation.

BROTHERHOOD AT LAST

AT THE LAST A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention in San Francisco, delegates witnessed a bitter, public clash between President George Meany and A. Philip Randolph of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters on the question of racial bias in unions. To those interested in advancing interracial justice inside labor's ranks, this was necessarily a disturbing matter, for they feared the clash indicated that labor's top leaders were divided on this vital question. In the light of all this, the recent decision by the delegates to the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen convention to eliminate the "whites only" provision in their union constitution is particularly heartening.

One could, of course, comment with considerable justice that it is late in the day for an American labor union to be removing a racist provision from its constitution. And it is certainly in order to suggest that much remains to be done, with particular reference in the railroad field to the fact that the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Brotherhood of Firemen and Enginemen still has a "whites only" provision in its constitution. But progress has to be made a step at a time, even if at times progress seems agonizingly slow, and the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen are to be congratulated for having taken one step. We hope their example will be widely imitated, inside and outside of labor.

ALGERIAN SHOWDOWN

EVER SINCE de Gaulle's assumption of power in 1958, it has been felt that his success would depend primarily on his handling of the Algerian crisis. This would mean dealing firmly both with army elements that brought him to power and the French *colons* with whom those elements are closely allied. Moreover, relatives of the *colons* and Frenchmen with investments in Algeria have vehemently supported their overseas compatriots. This is a strong bloc confronting de Gaulle. To some extent, his ideas and theirs have been at odds.

Yet de Gaulle believes that his mission is to restore the national morale, if not the "glory," of France—a conviction that would hardly accord with an outright yielding to armed rebellion in a colony, much less in a *département,* of the French Republic. Thus he has been seeking an "honorable" settlement to this tragic war of independence. Because of his tact, and his good repute, the General has been making a little headway since his offer to the nationalists of self-determination.

But he is confronted with an intensely difficult task. The army is unwilling to give up its "civilizing mission" in Algeria, the *colons* their good land and political advantages, the nationalists the outright independence for which they have so long and tenaciously fought. At this writing the General finds himself challenged head-on by a showdown

Christian Culture Award

Readers of The Commonweal will be interested to know that the 1960 Christian Culture Award of Assumption University, Windsor, Ontario, will be given to John Cogley. Mr. Cogley, executive editor of this magazine until 1955 and since then a regular columnist, is now a director of the Fund for the Republic's Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara, California. Formal presentation of the gold medal symbolizing the award will be made on April 10, when Mr. Cogley will deliver a brief address at the University and later participate in Detroit in a discussion with Dr. Mortimer J. Adler on the subject of "Preserving Political Freedom." The Christian Culture Award is given each year to an "outstanding lay exponent of Christian ideas." Previous winners have included Sigrid Undset, Jacques Maritain, Frank J. Sheed, Etienne Gilson, Christopher Dawson and Barbara Ward.

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with General Massu and French civilian demonstrators in the capital city of Algiers who are critical of the present conduct of the war and the possibility of negotiations. Although he is not one to countenance insubordination or disorder, it is not certain how de Gaulle will emerge from this full-fledged test of his authority and popular support.

Meanwhile the five-year war goes on, with its unspeakable cruelties and reprisals. Resort to torture by the French authorities is denied, protested, silently countenanced or explicitly defended in France. And it is largely ignored in this country. An investigating committee from the International Red Cross recently presented the latest compendium of evidence, a summary of which appeared in *Le Monde* of December 31. One of the striking things about the report is its emphasis on the cooperation of the French Government. There was a wide variation in the conditions and attitudes encountered from camp to camp.

Conditions appear to be worst at the many relocation centers. Often prisoners who were interviewed protested that they had been subjected to tortures, to interrogations under the stress of electric shock and water treatments. The number of cases of prisoners asserted to have been killed "while attempting to escape" likewise is disheartening. Another dark note is provided by the number of camps in which extreme overcrowding, lack of sanitation, failure to isolate the infectious, and the like, greatly jeopardize human life.

Other visits by the committee in the course of several weeks disclosed severe bodily injuries neglected by prison or camp authorities, and even visible traces of physical tortures recently inflicted. Here is the committee's general conclusion: "In terminating this report, the international committee of the Red Cross is pleased to acknowledge that improvements have been made in certain aspects in the detention camps since its last mission in December 1958. But as the attached documents show, it is essential that profound changes be made particularly in the relocation and interrogation centers. The committee hopes that the French authorities will take these findings and these suggestions to heart and adopt those measures that will permit them to exercise an effective and constant control over the material conditions in those centers and over the methods of interrogation of prisoners . . ."

But any hope of such reforms now hinges on de Gaulle's ability to quell the present mutiny. Until he succeeds in this, there is little likelihood of more humane conditions in the detention camps or of a definitive peace in Algeria.

PERSECUTED MADISON AVENUE

EARL W. KINTNER, chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, has recently had addressed to him, in a full 1-page ad in the N.Y. *Times*, an open letter from Ted Bates & Co., an advertising agency with a flair for "imaginative selling." Speaking in a tone more of sorrow than anger, Ted Bates & Co. put to Mr. Kintner a series of plaintive questions about the latest F.T.C. complaints of "deceptive, misleading advertising."

The Ted Bates copywriter(s) concentrated on the shaving soap commercial which demonstrates sandpaper (which isn't really sandpaper) being shaved smooth. The agency points out that "if you apply this shaving soap—and let it soak, as you would shave a tough beard—you can shave sandpaper" and that this feat was actually performed for F.T.C. representatives. This is only "imaginative selling," the writers go on, because "what appears truthfully (and like real life) on the T.V. screen may not be what actually goes before the T.V. cameras." To show a white shirt, they explain patiently to Mr. Kintner, a performer must wear a blue shirt. Snow, they remind him, is never real snow at all. And so on and on, in the manner of one addressing an idiot child.

Ted Bates and Co. didn't address their letter to us, and no doubt they know Mr. Kintner better than we do, but we are irritated by this ad, not for the sake of Mr. Kintner, but for the sake of "the American public" who are so piously invoked.

If charges against television, the sponsors and the ad agencies are going to be answered, there are much more serious charges and much more serious problems than the one Ted Bates & Co. have elected to deal with. The "mock-up sandpaper" ad raises a few more problems than the open letter writers pretend to be aware of, but it is in any case a relatively trivial affair. The whole question of fraudulent advertising—and there are many other examples of "imaginative selling" which are a good deal less easy to justify than the sandpaper item—is no doubt one of some importance, but it is by no means the major cause of public disgust with the T.V. industry.

The rigging of quiz shows and the use of canned laughter, too, despite public resentment, are also only minor symptoms of T.V.'s real sickness. The real question to be dealt with is the industry's scandalous abuse of the public airwaves, the debasement of this prime communications medium to no more than a mass sales medium, appealing nakedly to the lowest common denominator and

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recognizing no purpose, no standards, no values, no responsibilities, nothing but the contract to sell a merchant's goods.

As we said, we can't speak for Mr. Kintner, but we think the American public might like to hear from the ad agencies about something more than fake sandpaper and blue-white shirts. And we're not plaintive, just annoyed.

DOLLARS AND DEFENSE

DEBATE over the "missile gap"—whether it exists at all, what it means, what it might mean a few years hence—has not been resolved by the protests of Administration spokesmen.

President Eisenhower's angry rejection of criticism and his claim to know more about these matters "than practically anybody else in the country" are effective responses in that they cut off further questioning during press conferences, but the facts of our defense situation do not simply evaporate because of a display of Presidential emotion.

The assurances of Secretary of Defense Gates that there is no "deterrent gap" and that the array of U.S. nuclear weapons of all types represents a "clear balance in our favor" likewise fail to meet the widespread criticism of our missile program. This criticism focuses on the probability—inevitability, even—of a "deterrent gap" not at this time but some years ahead. And the relative destructive strength of the U.S. weapons system becomes a meaningless statistic if nearly all of this strength could be wiped out in a matter of minutes by the ballistic missiles the Soviet Union is capable of producing. We already possess weapons which could destroy the Soviet Union many times over. The significant factor in the "balance of terror" is the ability to "counter-strike" in the event of enemy attack. It is fear of such a "counter-strike" which creates the "deterrent," and the range, accuracy and, above all, the number of Soviet ballistic missiles work every day to reduce the U.S. ability to "counter-strike."

Secretary Gates is no doubt correct that there is no "deterrent gap" at this moment, but he does not deny that nothing prevents the Soviets from widening this gap if they choose to do so. Our missile program is based on an acknowledged, desperate gamble—that the Soviet Union will not choose to utilize the productive capacity we know it has.

Even less relative to the discussion—indeed, quite vicious in its implication—is the argument by General Nathan F. Twining, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, that concern over the U.S.-S.R.'s present and future missile superiority is unpatriotic and amounts to "selling America short." General Twining attributed any "downgrading of our capability" to the work of "an element in the country that thinks, 'Gentlemen, we'd rather be Red than dead.' "

Presumably General Twining would include among this "element" the distinguished members of the Joint Chiefs—present and past—who have voiced worries about Administration defense plans. Presumably he would include the commander of the Strategic Air Command, General Thomas Power. In a recent speech in New York, General Power declared that if the U.S.S.R. "could effectively threaten us from a position of such military superiority that we would feel unable to defend ourselves, our capability to resist . . . would be greatly reduced, if not nullified." And he calculated that the Soviet Union could reach such a position of military superiority through the production of "only about one hundred missiles."

No, the dangers in our "economy-first" missile program are real and urgent. The Administration will not allay the nation's fears by angry outbursts, statistical doubletalk or even by impugning the patriotism of those who see these dangers.

HOBSON'S CHOICE FOR PRESIDENT

THE COMMENT of Adam Clayton Powell, Democrat of Harlem, would not have caught our attention if he had not used a phrase which has recently been a conversation topic among the editors. Mr. Powell said that if Negroes had to choose between Vice President Nixon and Senator Lyndon Johnson for the Presidency they would be faced with a "Hobson's choice."

Mr. Powell meant that, as far as Negroes were concerned, neither of these candidates would be better, or worse, than the other. But in the interest of rescuing a good phrase, we submit that he misused the term. Thomas Hobson was a hostler at Cambridge during Milton's student days. He required every customer who wanted a horse to take the horse nearest the door. In the terms of Webster's dictionary it was "a choice without an alternative; the thing offered or nothing."

For political application of the term today one could better look to the Republican Party which, barring the unexpected, seems faced with a "Hobson's choice": Nixon or nothing.

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The Status of Women

Discrimination against women still exists in varying degrees throughout the world

by NORMA KRAUSE HERZFELD

IN A RECENT anniversary celebration of the U.N. Declaration of Human Rights, Dr. Charles Malik of Lebanon, who pioneered in the work, hailed that inspirational document as having played a great part in changing world attitudes toward slavery, forced labor and the rights of women. It may come as something of a surprise in this day and age that women hold such high rank as victims of discrimination; nevertheless, there is a good deal of truth in it. For even though eighty-two nations have now signed the U.N. Charter, committing themselves, in murky international parlance, "to reaffirm faith . . . in the equal rights of men and women," the rights of these two kinds of human persons remain in practice quite unequal.

Discrimination against women exists on the legal, political, social and economic levels in varying degrees throughout the world. Some of the specific rights at issue include the right to vote, to hold office, to participate in government at all levels, to hold property, to inherit and dispose of property, to obtain an education, to practice a profession, to join a union, to make contracts and to serve on juries. These rights usually relate to all women, married or single, but when a women marries she often acquires, along with a husband, a host of new problems and an even more inferior status. These further involve not only her personal rights, and her ensuing parental rights, but her property rights and her civil capacity.

Because nations have diverse laws on marriage between their respective nationals and aliens, a woman may marry another national and find herself either stateless or with double nationality. Most legal systems give parental authority primarily to the father, and even if the mother enjoys joint parental authority in practice, in case of disagreement the father has the last word. In many countries the father has complete control of the child's education and property, and he may provide for a guardian of his children in his will so that parental authority will not even pass over to the mother at his death.

In many countries a wife finds herself without legal power to sue and defend suits; in others she may do so only with express permission of her husband. She is incapable of making contracts under many systems; in others she may make contracts with her husband's consent. The control of property under matrimonial regimes is also varied. A number of regimes remain in which all property, separate and community, is owned and administered by the husband, and he may sell it or dispose of it in any way he sees fit. In general a woman making purchases of household necessities is legally assumed to be an agent acting for her husband.

THIS SUBORDINATE legal position of women derives generally from a few traditional sources: the English common law, Roman law, Hindu and Moslem religious customs and various tribal customs. From English common law comes the concept that a wife's person merged in that of her husband and that upon her marriage she ceased to exist as a person. From ancient Roman law comes the concept of absolute right of the father over his children and his wife, with fathers alone having any rights in private law. A woman was literally owned by her father until he passed her on to a husband, who in turn exercised absolute authority over her. Legal concepts in the English-speaking world have evolved slowly from the common law. Roman law was generally the basis of European civil law, which also had some influence in its colonies and to the East.

It is in Asia and Africa that Hindu, Moslem and tribal customs are now beginning to break down as these underdeveloped areas meet the impact of industrialization. Change is slow and spotty, and the greatest extremes in status exist side by side. In 1923, for instance, the famous Egyptian feminist Huda Shaarawi

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cast her veil dramatically and symbolically into the Mediterranean as she stepped off a ship returning her from a women's conference in Rome. Today educated Cairo women, graduates in home economics and agriculture, may take part in F.A.O. programs to improve Egyptian village life, and the primitive life they find in their own country is a surprise to them. Both they and Western women who work in such programs, however, must still follow local Moslem customs, such as avoiding the company of males and not attending public meetings, which is, at least, somewhat of a handicap.

In Libya, another Moslem country, ninety per cent of the population is poor and illiterate. A desperate need exists for nurses, public health workers and teachers, but training women for these jobs is difficult. Libyan women remain in their houses, venturing forth only on such occasions as weddings or funerals, and even then heavily veiled. Parents are reluctant to have their daughters work in public or live alone in a community. But in 1952 a few young women teacher trainees were allowed to go from home to school and back. At that time no male Libyan could set foot in a girls' school, and a woman teacher could talk to an official only with her back to him and her head veiled. More recent figures show that a Libyan teacher training college now has 1,299 boys and 224 girls enrolled. In 1958 one of the teacher trainees became the first girl in Libya to prepare for a "career" of office work. By taking private lessons in shorthand and typing, she will probably spearhead a veritable revolution.

In the Middle East and Africa slavery, polygamy, child marriage, the brideprice and the inheritance and disposal of widows by their husbands' families are still practiced. A few years ago women slaves in Saudi Arabia were bringing as much as $1260 per head but lavish oil royalties have reportedly sent the prices higher. Slave traders not only resort to the classic method of abduction, but purchase very young girls from their poor families for as little as $50. In the Union of South Africa hapless black women have taken to rioting and violence against the white authorities. In contrast, women have taken quickly to the proffered ballot box in such new countries and trust territories as Ghana, Guinea, Somalia, Cameroon and Togoland.

IT IS generally the Middle Eastern countries where women remain without the vote—in Iran, Iraq, Jordan, Saudi Arabia, Yemen. With such organizations as the Federation of Lebanese Women's Organizations on the march throughout the area, the voting gap is probably on its way to being closed. Jordanian women, though voteless, are working as doctors, teachers, journalists, radio broadcasters, nurses, government officials and secretaries. Iran has just made polygamy more difficult to practice by decreeing that men must prove they can support all their wives before they marry them. Morocco, where polygamy has been forbidden and Western culture generally received sympathetically, has just posted its first woman diplomat abroad. She is its Cultural Attaché in Washington.

In Asia the status of women is dominated by purdah and poverty. It ranges from the Afghanistan woman, shrouded and furtive, on a very rare errand outside the family compound, or the Nepalese woman who must wait for the men to finish eating before she may eat, to the educated modern women of Westernized Japan, "emancipated" principally by the MacArthur reforms.

In India one finds a typical cross-section of the changing position of women. Parvi Thampi, an ambassador's daughter, has written of her country: ". . . even I, an Indian, am baffled by its vastness and diversity, which make any categorical statements almost impossible. This is especially the case in the social field, where customs and conditions vary so widely. For instance, we have women in India who still live in seclusion, though the system of purdah, or veiling, is fast dying out; and, on the other hand, we also have women ambassadors, governors, members of Congress, United Nations delegates and political firebrands. . . ."

In Latin America poverty and custom serve to minimize equal opportunities for women, but it is principally the lack of educational opportunities that make equal rights a dim and distant goal there. There are, of course, many remarkable Latin American women leaders in the world of education, diplomacy, literature, journalism and social services. A little more than a year ago Costa Rica, for instance, sent the first woman ambassador to the Organization of the American States. For the majority of Latin American women, however, the Inter-American Commission of Women, a specialized agency of the O.A.S., believes that the only long-range answer is to create an informed public opinion that will eventually be sympathetic to the recognition of women as equal citizens.

Europe seems to offer much legal equality to women, although it is only as recently as 1945 that Frenchwomen were given the vote, and the spectacle of democratic Switzerland denying its women the vote is considered shameful by the veteran feminists who are working very hard to change all that. Even if Swiss males finally yield the vote to their womenfolk, however, there is little doubt who will remain in charge of that mountain stronghold.

The great voice raised from the Continent against man's inhumanity to woman is that of Madame Simone de Beauvoir, brilliantly bitter and incandescently academic, who would be ultimately satisfied only if men could be handed what she sees as that excruciating, humiliating job of childbearing. She has pointed out rather shrewdly, however, the paradox that married women have a place in society but no rights, whereas single women have legal rights but are excluded from

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social life. "To be a woman," she complains, "is, if not a defect, at least a peculiarity." She firmly believes that the only country in the world where women really have equal rights with men is in the Soviet Union.

It is true that Russian women have great educational and professional opportunities. Most Russian physicians are women, and half the judges are women. A quarter of the members of the Supreme Soviet are women. But women supply more than half the entire labor force, so many steel puddlers, streetcleaners and railroad workers are women, too. But whether one can speak of "rights," equal or otherwise, in the context of Soviet society is another matter.

THE WORLD is mined with women's organizations in various stages of travail and triumph, but the major organization pushing for equality of women is the U.N. Commission on the Status of Women. Its ambition is equalled only by its hard work. Since 1946 it has studied and reported on the legal, political, economic, social, civil and educational status of women everywhere, and pushed and nagged the U.N. to take concrete steps to improve that status. At its last session the eighteen member nations were all represented by women delegates, but ten of the *advisers* were men. One of the many items on their agenda was the access of women to architecture, engineering and the legal profession. They found that women play a minor role in these professions, but not because of legal discrimination, rather because of social attitudes and so-called practical difficulties. These women also keep a sharp eye on their own backyard, and several did a little knuckle-rapping, complaining that in recent years there has been an increase of women employed by the U.N. and its various agencies on lower levels and a decrease of women on senior levels.

The Commission on the Status of Women has been instrumental in getting through the U.N. a number of legal conventions to safeguard women's rights. The Convention on the Political Rights of Women, giving women the right to vote, to be elected and to hold office on equal terms with men, has been ratified by thirty-three nations since 1952. The Convention on the Nationality of Married Women, adopted in 1956, keeps married women from automatically gaining or losing citizenships as a result of change in their marital status, and also makes it easier for alien women to acquire their husband's nationality voluntarily. It has been ratified by seventeen countries.

The U.S., always urging more international law on everyone else, has never signed any of these covenants, let alone ratified them. In 1953, John Foster Dulles told the Senate Judiciary Committee that the Administration was not going to sign the Covenant on Political Rights of Women because it didn't believe that this was the kind of goal that could be achieved by "treaty coercion." Furthermore, said the then Secretary of State quite bluntly, "We do not now see any clear or necessary relation between the interest and welfare of the United States and the eligibility of women to political office in other nations."

Always active in the Commission on the Status of Women, the U.S. has cooperated on studies, suggestions for voluntary programs, technical assistance, and seminars, but it draws the line at any legal action. On the convention concerning a minimum marriage age which is now in the works, the U.S. takes the position that the U.N. should merely make recommendations instead, because of "wide variation in marriage customs and the fact that marriage law is regarded in some countries as the responsibility of religious or local bodies."

Plainly the U.S. has set very definite limits on any crusade for women's rights, a curious attitude because it considers its own female citizens to have the best position on rights in the world and is invariably eager to spread its enlightened system. As the U.S. delegate to the last assembly of the Inter-American Commission on Women said in her report, "In comparison with other countries, women in the United States are in general in a favorable position." It is true that American women are looked upon with envy by their less fortunate sisters because they enjoy such comparatively high status, independence and legal equality.

Actually, however, many American women do not feel that they have real equality with American men. This is not a question of legal equality strictly speaking, although some states still have discriminatory laws against women making it more difficult for them than for men to obtain divorces, to go into business, to serve on juries and to hold office. Rather it is a question of fairly rigid social attitudes and customs that keep women in a very limited sphere, especially with regard to jobs, pay and professional advancement.

ONE GROUP of dedicated women, the National Women's Party, wants to remedy the situation with an "Equal Rights Amendment" which has had its ups and downs in Congress since 1923. The group battled for the federal amendment which finally came in 1920 giving women the right to vote. It is now committed to the same kind of federal action and believes these twenty-one words will pave the way for full and lasting equality: "Equality under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or any state on account of sex." Last year the amendment was favorably reported out by the Senate Judiciary Committee for the first time, but that is as far as it has ever progressed. It has, nevertheless, split organized American womanhood right in two.

Proponents of the amendment include the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's

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Clubs and the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Opponents include the National League of Women Voters, the National Association of University Women, the National Council of Catholic Women and labor groups. Proponents argue that without such a sweeping amendment, which certainly will wipe out all protective as well as discriminatory legislation, women will never get anywhere in job competition with men. Also, without such an amendment women are not considered "persons" in the legal construction of the Constitution, and all their rights except suffrage could be taken away through state actions. Those who oppose the amendment want to hold onto protective legislation for women, and they agree with many legal experts that the only certain accomplishment of the amendment would be to transform every existing state law on the status of women into a constitutional law suit, thus jeopardizing the positive gains that women have achieved in the state legislatures by titantic endeavor over many years. And then again, do women want to be so "equal" that they are eligible for the draft and such?

Those who want men's and women's rights to be more equal than they are, but who oppose a Constitutional amendment, generally advocate "equal pay for equal work" laws in the states and in interstate commerce. Nineteen states now have equal pay laws, and similar bills are pending in Congress. Whether laws requiring equal pay are actually effective is another matter, as is whether they get to the root of the practices and customs women find objectionable.

There is no question about an American woman's earning power being vastly inferior to that of a man's. Women do not take the time, either because of economic or social handicaps, or because they prefer to marry and raise their families relatively early in life, to get advanced professional training. Prospects of competing with men on the higher levels of many professions are not very encouraging in any case. In 1957, for instance, dental degrees were awarded to 3,011 men and 27 women, medical doctor's degrees to 6,432 men and 353 women, but first professional degrees in nursing went to 50 men and 5,700 women.

In teaching and library work, where women predominate, as in nursing, they remain in the lower echelons professionally while the men take the top degrees. The great majority of women—over four million—are working in clerical jobs, and then in large numbers as nurses, librarians, teachers, in textile mills and laundries, as retail clerks and managers, seamstresses, farmhands and factory workers, and as cooks, housekeepers and domestics, forming a large pool of relatively cheap labor.

The situation has brought about an attempt on the part of American women to function professionally on a kind of "separate but equal" basis, resulting in such institutions as the Women's National Amateur Golf Championship, the Association of American Women Dentists, the Women's National Press Club and the *Who's Who of American Women*. Not satisfied with having only 2,000 women in *Who's Who in America* along with nearly 50,000 men, the women have had to go off on their own and produce a segregated *Who's Who* with 19,000 worthy female entrants. To a recent suggestion that women be admitted finally to the National Press Club, its president replied (in an obvious parallel to the Southern segregationist): "The women have their club; and we have ours. I know of no man who wants to join theirs."

In spite of the fact that there are now five million more American women than men of voting age, public life is a male institution and women don't appear eager to change it. Only seventeen women are members of the Eighty-sixth Congress. State legislatures have an average of about seven women members per state. The U.S. woman Senator, Mrs. Margaret Smith of Maine, has said of her ninety-nine male colleagues, "They have a swimming pool from which I am barred. They have a gym from which I am barred. They get free haircuts and free care of their hair, and I have to pay for the care of my hair. There are many other similar free services and facilities that they get and I don't because I am a woman." Besides these fringe benefits, the men in public life, in business and industry, and in the professions have the power that runs the world, and rarely does a woman enter this "power élite." And this is basically what "eats" many American women, even though they may be the envy of the women of many other nations.

There is small consolation for them in the fact that men, too, suffer some discrimination and may not, for instance, be guards at state and federal prisons for women, and that no man may ever be the Director of the U.S. Women's Bureau.

STATEMENT AND OFFERING

Handfast, I thought to house you in my joy
But happiness is not proportioned great enough
To bound your soul's inquietude.
Still my hand cannot release your hand:

I would join you in your grief;
Ash-anointed,
Humbly take the straight-backed
Chair appointed
And shuttle mourning threads
Across my loom.

I would join you in your grief,
If there is room.

SUSAN THIMMESCH.

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WATCHING THE WATCHMEN

JUST ABOUT a dozen years ago the Commission on the Freedom of the Press recommended that an independent body of citizens be organized to serve as public critics of the American press. The reasoning of the Commission was simple. All the institutions of society, it argued, were properly subject to criticism from the press; all benefited from it. But who watches the watchmen? Some responsible group of citizens, armed with no more authority than the prestige of their names, should assume the task.

The proposal laid an egg, most of all because the lords of the press did not take to the idea that a group of "outsiders" should be passing on their performance. The Commission was charged with trying to gag the American free press. Indeed, on more than one editorial page the impression was given that the Commission's report had encouraged Government to determine what could and could not be published. This of course was simply not true.

The Commission on the Freedom of the Press was interested in enlarging freedom rather than in diminishing it. For instance, it pleaded for more criticism of the press by the press and for a greater proliferation of newspapers throughout the country. Time has borne out its concern. With few exceptions, it is almost the rule now that newspapers and magazines say nothing unkind about their competitors. And the number of newspapers published deceases steadily.

If entertainment were the prime purpose of the American press, the problem would not be so serious. But if one takes the traditional view, that the free press is supposed to play an essential role in the process by which we govern ourselves, then entertainment is seen as a frosting on the journalistic cake.

The important, the essential, role of the nation's newspapers is twofold: through its news columns to inform the citizenry of what it ought to know, and on the editorial page to argue for those causes which, in the publisher's mind, best serve the commonweal. Because they held some such notion as this the Founding Fathers went to great lengths to guarantee the independence of the press from any form of governmental coercion or interference.

We could be doing much better by the Founding Fathers. And it is not all the people's fault, either, though some of it is. Our Press is free, gloriously free. But is it serving the cause of freedom as well as it might? I think not, and I would attribute the failings of the press to two chief factors.

First, there is the inescapable fact that the world has grown fantastically complex. The average newspaperman is simply not qualified to report on domestic affairs and international developments with intelligence and understanding. The general reporter has to have at least a nodding acquaintance with a dozen different complex subjects. He has to be a kind of Renaissance universal man. But where can one find such people? Where, for instance, in the recent controversy about birth control could one find a reporter capable of stating the Catholic argument from natural law accurately? They seemed to be non-existent. The same is true in economics, sociology, science, medicine, military matters—all the manifold, complex aspects of modern living. Perhaps we are asking too much of our newspapermen, or maybe the schools of journalism are not asking enough. Be that as it may, the old "Front Page" model of a bawling, basically ignorant sharpy handling his assignment brilliantly is hopelessly outmoded. Time has passed by Hildy Johnson.

The second factor may have a direct connection with this. It is simply the trivialization of the news. For example, during our recurrent silly seasons the latest divorce of whichever movie star happens to be hot copy at the time takes precedence over the most momentous international happenings on the nation's front pages. I know the argument for this: names make news, and the name of Elizabeth Taylor, to take a recent case, has far more resonance than, say, that of Ngo Diem. But does Miss Taylor rate so high with the readers of the New York *Times*? Obviously not. In the *Times* her romances are relegated to the back pages where they belong. And the point is not that *Times* readers are queer; it is that the *Times* may have had a great deal to do with making Ngo Diem a name that makes news for its readers, while the tabloids have done more than their share in turning la Taylor's adventures into hot copy. Perhaps the public does not get what it wants so much as it wants what it gets.

To the Commission's suggestion of an independent critical body others have been added over the years—to cite two, that universities, acting through their journalism departments, be heard from regularly, as the legal profession hears from the law schools; that a professional body of newspapermen set standards and do for the press fraternity what the A.M.A. does for the medical profession.

There is room, it seems to me, for these and other avenues of public criticism. But none of them can work until newspapermen themselves give up their cry-baby complaints every time someone suggests that they too are fallible and just as subject to the effects of Original Sin as politicians, union officials, labor leaders, industrial tycoons, educators and statesmen.

JOHN COGLEY.

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FORMULAS FOR CITIES

FROM THE FREEWAYS of Los Angeles to the new mall of Kalamazoo, Mich., the problem of "the urban revolution" has become almost universally popular. But the problem is seldom defined, however passionately some program or another may be advocated to solve it.

Emphasis runs from traffic to alcoholism, from delinquency to architecture, open spaces to receding tax bases, slum clearance to the imbalance of economic and citizenly classes. The fact becomes apparent that cities are little more subject to final analysis than the people who live in them.

There is certainly ugliness up and down the urban sprawl, seen from any vantage point, and there are slums and traffic jams, ruined landscapes and desperate lives. It is a massive problem. But it is not necessarily complex, and whatever solution it can have is not necessarily dependent upon some final and rationalized political-economic-sociological program of reform. There are so many obvious things to do, indeed, that everyone does, in fact, basically affect the beauty or ugliness of his city all day long, every day, whether he wants to or not.

This is the only simple and absolute fact in the whole obscure problem, although it often seems the first one which reformers try to avoid. Whether we acknowledge it or not, it is impossible to avoid charity, plus or minus. To the extent that people of the city meet and communicate in charity, their problems, and so also the urban problem, are solved: conditions are happy. This, at the end, is the only solution.

Good politics or economics or sociology does not solve human problems. In order to be good, politics, economics and sociology must evolve and grow from the direct, basic solutions already accomplished by charity, for charity is not passive. The saints don't just sit around and love. Gathered in force in any town, they would undoubtedly create the city beautiful, shaming Athens and Venice and San Francisco. Even the individual footprints of a St. Catherine in Siena, a St. Philip Neri in Rome, a Monsieur Vincent in Paris, for example, give lingering beauty and grace to the still highly regarded towns where they lived.

If such spirit were frequent in the municipal labyrinths, it would find easy expression in every sort of personal and social activity. There are approximately infinite formal and informal ways to go about strengthening the economic and social situation of the ill clothed, housed and fed, and brightening the "gray" and "derelict" and "slum" areas of present towns. The number of us who simply can't cope, it is well known, clogs the jails and hospitals and taverns, and very possibly reaches a total greater than those who are only too poor. The double job of increasing competence and providing decent props for those who cannot acquire enough of it for present practical purposes could strenuously exercise individuals, clubs, societies, schools, associations and corporations.

A strong and very direct attack on much of the ugliness and wretchedness, after all, can be made personally by property owners and leasors who control large private sections with more or less latitude for good or ill to neighbor and terrain. For everyone, acts of benevolence, which can have lordly impact on an urban chaos, can be encouraged by nobler and more varied motives than exemption from excessive taxation. Inspired by a classic civic sense, cooperative plans and actions along many simple, wide-open paths could lead (and do lead) to important benefits.

The strictly political methods for solving urban problems are really rather limited, and they are all indirect. We cannot vote friendship and beauty into the community. City and county, state and federal governments, with wholesome inspiration, can attempt improvements by way of tax laws and appropriations for buildings, services and law enforcement. They can develop regulations governing health, sanitation, licensing, planning, zoning, etc., etc. But the political way should be skeptically and selectively utilized. Politics, by its nature, is first a campaign for power, and the struggle for power progressively eliminates clear concern for specific human objectives.

Politics, indeed, often appears to be an evasion of real effort to reach a decision on questions as downright as those of urban renewal. We slide-slip into a warm and satisfying partisanship where we can put off our personal commitment and labor and sacrifice for an actual desirable goal. While fighting for welfare departments, we refuse a beggar. Campaigning for public housing, we throw garbage in the alley. Voting taxes for temples of art and learning, we buy dirty paperbacks at the newsstand. There is no political substitute for the conscience.

There is a frenzy in politics that drives it to usurp and monopolize too many positions in society and in personal life. The fully political city is not a beautiful or a happy place for living. As totalitarianism is approached—historically and not only in theory—a freezing insanity is approached, too, and we recognize a friend only by a party name, and greet our wife and children, "Heil Hitler." These are harder obstacles for a beautiful city than the most solid traffic tie-up or most monumental slum.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

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Time is running out
for the people of Berlin

City in Limbo

by GABRIEL GERSH

DRIVING from the airport through the suburbs of West Berlin you do not notice the patches of rubble so much these days. Indeed, it must always have been hard to tell if the villas or brightly stuccoed blocks of apartment buildings were gutted or not, curtained as they are by the trees and shrubs of a garden city. In a restaurant on the shore of the Wannsee lake, eating smoked salmon to the accompaniment of hideous music from someone's portable radio, or drinking beer in a cafe on the Kurfurstendamm by the light of neon signs competing with any in the world for opulent ugliness, you might be in any capital city, European or American.

And yet there are signs to indicate that you are indisputably in a capital that was laid waste by the war and has almost, but not quite, recovered from the ravages of defeat. When you look closely you see that some of the skysigns are attached to the shells of buildings and many of the customers in the restaurants are foreign soldiers. Many of the churches have something wrong with the shape of their spires, and wandering through the streets of the western half of the city is still a surrealist experience. There is no longer the sensation of a shattered landscape, for immense progress has been made with the rebuilding, but the normalcy is continually disturbed by a feeling that something is wrong, that you have only to touch some of these façades and they will crumble, that it only has to rain for them to dissolve into pasteboard.

Yet the city is palpable enough. The extreme artificiality of a city divided into halves representing two different and contending worlds would alone account for this disturbed feeling. And Berlin as a symbol of the cold war is far more significant than the immediate contrast that is conveyed to you when you cross the sector boundary. The feeling of sham that strikes you in the Western sector is due to the fact that almost every sign of recovery takes on a significance in the debate between East and West.

In the suburb of Dahlem, for instance, there is the Free University of Berlin with magnificent modern buildings (and incidentally the only student restaurant I know of where the students are served by waiters), all erected with the help of grants from the Ford Foundation. The old University of Berlin is in the Russian sector, so a new one has been created, whose students are already exceeding the numbers originally expected. Given the circumstances, however, American generosity must necessarily appear as a political move, and this essential ambivalence seems to apply to much of the city's life.

THE WESTERN Powers could not in any circumstances let the economy of West Berlin disintegrate, so if you are an industrialist running a factory at a loss or a storekeeper who has not enough customers for his luxury goods, it is probable that money will be found for you somehow. West Berlin is a city that pretends to be normal, but is not. This is the first thing a stranger notices.

And yet it could not be otherwise. The calm of Berliners on their island in the Red sea is admirable and equally the only way to cope with the situation. In a long-drawn crisis the only alternative to heroism is a pretense of normalcy, while American generosity is increased, not lessened, by the understanding that its real purpose is to combat tyranny. The garish shopfronts of the Kurfurstendamm appear pathetically false as a symbol of the will to freedom, but the visitor who is unfavorably impressed by this crude façade should be more struck by the dignity of the face behind it.

In the Eastern zone there is not much pretense. To begin with, the ruins are still there. Walking down the Friedrichstrasse by night is like being on the moon, with a wasteland on either side and an odd hotel with the illuminated HO of the state trading organization outside it or else the brightly lighted offices of the *Berliner Zeitung* (an official East German newspaper) to highlight the contrast.

All around Unter den Linden in what was once the government offices of Germany there is still desolation. In fact, most of the rebuilding in East Berlin has been concentrated on the grandiose Stalinallee, where immense blocks of apartment buildings interspersed with arcaded squares stretch far into the distance. The architecture is neo-classical, and individual buildings

Mr. Gersh, who writes for various American journals, recently returned to the United States after revisiting Berlin.

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resemble the kind of thing that Balkan monarchs in other and happier days used to put up as palaces. The total effect is striking by contrast with West Berlin (where there is an absolute lack of planning and no two buildings are alike) and by its sheer size (you can stand at one end and not see the other), but it is monotonous and depressing because of the lack of any imagination whatever in the architecture and the consequent intolerable heaviness of the whole. Glaring in the sunlight and shrouded in a pall of concrete dust, this ponderous monument to a rickety regime is so blatantly the result of a special effort that the propaganda which presents it as typical of East German reconstruction is not taken seriously for a moment by the casual visitor to the Eastern zone of the city.

ON THE Stalinallee everything is glossy. But the section connecting the main body of buildings with Alexanderplatz is almost completed, and passing the workers who are adding a few final touches to the buildings, one remembers that the working-class revolt of several years ago, which was crushed in blood by the Red army, began as a demand for higher wages on the part of the men who constructed the first blocks of this very same project. The posters in the Alexanderplatz assuring the citizen that the people's police will not let spies escape unpunished and depicting a stalwart band of uniformed youths arresting a cowering American saboteur, obviously on the point of pouring his phials of cyanide into reservoirs, serve as a reminder that behind the gloss lurks the apparatus of a police state. Moreover, it is a police state which would be incapable of holding down the population it oppresses were it not for the presence of Russian troops. The suppression of the uprising of 1953 still stands for Berliners among the great crimes of history.

Berlin is steeped in its own contemporary history. There is a plaque to Walter Rathenau, assassinated some thirty-five years ago by Nationalist gunmen; there is the house in which Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht were murdered and began a legend (the officer responsible was sentenced to two years of prison, but escaped to Holland with 30,000 marks presented to him by the Committee of the Association of Officers). In the Western zone there is the site of the Bendlerstrasse Ministry of Defense, which was the nerve-center of the tragic failure of the July 20th plot to overthrow Hitler, and in the courtyard of which von Stauffenberg and some of his fellow-plotters were executed; in the East zone there is the site of the Chancellery and the scene of the most extraordinary and insane apocalypse the world has seen.

And what of Christopher Isherwood's Berlin, that legendary country of Sally Bowles and Fritz and neurosis and fear? West Berlin, that Social Democratic stronghold, is no longer quite the spectacular city of iniquity it once was. Prostitutes and perverts no longer walk the streets openly, but restrict their activities to certain bars and cabarets where men dance with men and women with women in a manner otherwise quite decorous. But the famous political satire of the night clubs goes on unabated. In the Stachelschwein or the Rauchfang criticism of manners, men and politicians is a great deal sharper than is to be heard anywhere in America and is as cruelly witty as its Parisian equivalent. The skepticism of the Berliner, always considerable even under Hitler, has been sharpened by the near-destruction of the city and by the years that have seen as complete a reversal of alliances as anything that took place in the time of Frederick the Great. In a country so given to ready obedience this spirit of irreverence is encouraging.

Tension, of course, abounds, though the causes are different from those that prevailed in the twenties and thirties. In the East it comes from tyranny and in the West from fear of that tyranny. As the loudspeakers in the subway system announce that this is the last station in the Western zone, it is difficult not to feel that you are venturing into territory which, if not for yourself, then for some of your fellow-passengers, is a land of darkness. The flow of refugees from East to West and the activity displayed by police and intelligence services are not conducive to calm. It is sometimes said that the main industry of Berlin is espionage, and the visitor tends to let his imagination create the furtive atmosphere of Eric Ambler or Graham Greene-land, where, perhaps, none exists. Or does it?

From the cultural point of view Berlin is still a capital city. There are many theaters, there is the opera (both in the East and the West) there are movie houses where, in spite of the bad German habit of dubbing foreign films, there are, from time to time, good ones to be seen (the native film industry is still fairly bad). What with the lakeside beaches and bathing in the summer, there is plenty to do. Berlin, that large, sprawling garden city, is still a very pleasant place to be in whatever the interactions that may be going on beneath the surface.

YET IT is impossible completely to ignore what is going on beneath the surface. Berlin presents any thinking person with an insoluble dilemma. For this is the point at which the Western Allies are most right both morally and tactically in their conduct of the cold war. The East German regime is a sordid, brutal tyranny kept in power by Russian force and justified neither by popular support nor by economic or social achievements. But to force the Russians to relax their grip on East Germany would touch off a war in which the issue of freedom vs. tyranny would be lost in a radioactive welter. Berlin oversimplifies the issue to the point where debate appears to be between right and

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wrong. It is difficult to see this without feeling torn by the conflict of justice and self-preservation.

And then there is another factor. Berliners not only want reunification passionately, they also believe in it and at no very distant date. It is inevitable that they should consider the division of their city and country as merely a transitory phenomenon. But this is passing quickly. The children whom one sees on the Stalinallee being lectured on the glories of the Communist regime are growing up, and we all know what the results of such indoctrination can be. Moreover, what incentive would there be to continue living and working in West Berlin if it ever became apparent that reunification was likely to be postponed to a mythical future? Can we imagine that a spirit of resistance which has lasted over fifteen years would last another thirty? The West has no right to depend on this.

Berlin underscores the entire problem posed by the cold war. Appealing to a people to resist tyranny which they themselves cannot throw off, you must either be prepared to help them (in which case you run the risk of war) or else you must expect that sooner or later they will resign themselves to their fate. Of course, there is the third way—by negotiation, and it is on this prospect that Berliners pin their hopes. They will observe what follows from the proposed summit meetings and after, and they take it as unconsciously symbolic that the East German municipality has decided to put the quadriga back on the Brandenburger Tor, where for the past fifteen years the Red flag has waved.

Behind the prosperous air of the West and the ruins of the East there are in this city human aspirations and human sufferings springing primarily from the present impasse. Berliners will watch the Big Four at their series of summit talks and mark whether their own particular reality is forgotten. It should not be.

EPITAPH FOR GEORGES ROUAULT

Denuded, heavy-bellied, lounging whores
he painted, preening in their shadowed rooms
alone, then conjured out of smears of gold
the ribald frolic of parading clowns.

His bulbous prostitutes, bovine at ease,
belie the invitation of their thighs,
while sad, unfocused stares deny the glee
of clowns and contradict their greasepaint smiles

in puzzled testaments of hallowed sin
and brazen sanctity which none drew blest
but one who could, crestfallen as a clown,
praise both bordello-bride and circus-Christ.

SAMUEL HAZO.

THE STAGE

THE HUMANE OCCASION

MISS KATHERINE MORRILL'S "A Distant Bell" tolled most decidedly for her, lingering not even as a weekend echo, and stifled by that frightful economic brutality which has become the new threat to our stage. There were, perhaps, invitations to such harshness—notably a maddening ellipticality of theme which drove the play into something like terminal incoherence—yet the event of "A Distant Bell" must not be allowed to pass without remark. I am not at all certain it did not offer the season's freshest dramatic presence, some of its most distinguished fancy, and that strangeness in the proportion which is ever the announcement of talent. It was, in sum, precisely the sort of effort against which Broadway is armored in hostility.

The ambiance of "A Distant Bell" may have been Miss Morrill's first tactical error: pre-Freudian, as Mr. Brooks Atkinson noted with condescension—only, that is, a world in which personal relations rest on ethics and dissonant individual sensibility, and one studied, to my taste, with considerable power of observation. Then too, did not Miss Morrill fail to exploit the chic aspects of her insanity motif? Surely, for example, a little *welt* here, a little *schmerz* there would have. . . . For who, at this point of sophistication, is to be engaged by a defense, in the Forster vein, of the holiness of the heart's affections, and an arraignment of those emissaries from "the world of telegrams and anger" whose egotism reaches out blindly to extinguish what it cannot ever understand or value? No, dear Miss Morrill, *déjà vu* won't do—you'd better watch your step or it's back to Susan Glaspell and George Pierce Baker for *you!*

And the sad thing, of course, is that it did *not* do: however potent the intimacy with which Miss Morrill sustained her scenes, however singular the flying lyric grace with which her best comic effects subtly sported. It was, indeed, this transposition of a somber substance into almost a fantasy vein that gave "A Distant Bell" its distinguished edge, as it denied it a finality of tone. One had the sense of too many vagrant impulses soliciting the dramatist, and she too eager to satisfy them all. A more rigorous selection need not have impoverished nor diminished her material; rather it might have compelled it into a shape less dependent on personal whimsy and disorder, a more disciplined embodiment of a genuine imagination and sensibility.

Still, "A Distant Bell"—composed with tenderness by an excellent cast, and dominated by Miss Martha Scott with great variety of feeling—made what has become miraculous and obsolete in our theater: a

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humane occasion which spoke in a personal voice, an event of individuality and imperfection not sealed in that dreadful pliofilm of efficient anonymity with which all experience, from broccoli au gratin to sex, is being served up to us today. So thank you, Miss Katherine Morrill, whoever you are, and whom the management could not trouble to identify with a program note. You gave me intelligent pleasure which, after love, in art as in life, is still the most generous gift. And if "A Distant Bell" went to the tumbrils with guillotine dispatch, its fragrance and flavor will be remembered gratefully—by many beside myself, I rather fancy—as a consolation and a promise. *(Closed at the Eugene O'Neill.)*

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

SING A SONG OF CYGNES

CINEMA, like the Japanese, is a great borrower and has taken bits from all the other mediums to add them to its own. With full-length versions of opera and ballet, however, the movies have never been entirely successful. Both ballet and opera, if done straight, require a static camera, which is anathema to the cinema technique; and while parts of either can be used advantageously in a film, long stretches of serious singing or dancing that remain true to their own inherent techniques are usually deadly on the screen. There have been exceptions, of course. The Italians made a quite stirring film version of "Madame Butterfly," and the Russians were fairly fluid in the photographed ballets of "Romeo and Juliet" and "Giselle." And now with "Swan Lake" (the second of the Russian films to be shown here as part of the cultural exchange of motion pictures between U.S.A. and U.S.S.R.) ballet is again the subject of a full-length movie.

Produced by the Central Documentary Film Studio in Moscow, "Swan Lake" employs a different technique for showing a complete ballet. Instead of simply telling the story through dance and music, as was done with "Romeo and Juliet," the new Russian film is actually a documentary beautifully photographed by nine color cameras in Moscow's Bolshoi Theater. We see the audience arrive and from time to time, as the ballet is being performed on the stage, we are shown the enthusiastic reception they give to Tchaikovsky's music and to the superb dancing. The cameras even go on short visits to the Tchaikovsky Museum, and, in between the acts, back stage for brief glimpses of dressing rooms and stage hands changing scenery. While this is extremely interesting and acquaints us with present-day Russians, it detracts considerably from the enchantment of the ballet, and the total effect of the film is not so much that of a danced fairy story as of a study of Russian culture.

The dancing itself is excellent; and the cameras have been quite successful in capturing the movement and the themes of the fantastic story. (To add a note of the educational, not to say the academic, a running narration in English accompanies the entire film.)

In the lead roles, Maya Plisetskaya (as both Odetta, the girl changed into a swan by the evil magician, and Odillia, the magician's daughter) and Nicolai Fadeyechev (as the prince who swears eternal love for Odetta but is seduced by Odillia) are first-rate; and so is Vladimir as the scheming magician. As a matter of fact, the whole company is fine, and the production outstanding. As long as the moviegoer approaches this "Swan Lake" as an enlightening documentary and not as a spell-casting ballet, he will have a rewarding if not enchanting evening.

THE FRENCH have also sent over a dance recital; and while "Ciné Ballets de Paris" has little of the Russians' serious approach to ballet or its audience, the movie does have its pleasant, light moments. After a playful introduction showing these young French dancers at home and at studio, the film displays its six numbers. These include a romp on the beach, four suitors calling on a girl with a feather boa, a tortured symphony for a lonely soul, an amusing dance done with colorful hats to a Copeland score, and a love travelogue on the Seine that is more scenery than dancing. The performers themselves are young and fresh, and although their dance numbers are not particularly distinguished, they will no doubt please many audiences.

NOT ALL the films washed to our shores by France's New Wave have the high quality of "The Cousins" or "The 400 Blows." A new item called "Nude in a White Car," written and directed by Robert Hossein who also plays the male lead, has handsome sets and photography of the French Riviera. But its story, supposedly a suspense thriller, is so far-fetched that it is impossible to take seriously. It is mainly concerned with a young man (Hossein) who is picked up one dark night by a nymphomaniac in a white Cadillac. When she uses him and then throws him out and tries to run him down, the man is furious but he is also determined to find her again. He traces her to her house but discovers two girls (played by sisters Marina Vlady and Odile Versois) who look remarkably alike. He takes a job running their record shop, moves in with the sisters, and, while the film works overtime to build up suspense, he tries to figure out which is the girl he had encountered. One couldn't care less.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Manners and Morals

by MAX COSMAN

MISS IVY COMPTON-BURNETT is a novelist of top rank today. She is accredited so not only by Robert Liddell, Pamela Hansford Johnson and Edward Sackville-West, who by virtue of their studies (*The Novels of I. Compton-Burnett, I. Compton-Burnett, I. Compton Burnett,* respectively) may be said to be prejudiced in her favor, but by a fairly large number of contemporaries whose variety in temper refutes any likelihood of that collusion to which a coterie is subject. Among these contemporaries one finds stalwarts of long standing like Evelyn Waugh, V. S. Pritchett, and Elizabeth Bowen as well as those of more recent repute like P. H. Newby and Angus Wilson.

What is it that has brought such writers to so firm a belief in Miss Compton-Burnett's status? The answer briefly is that she has fashioned a society of her own. Which is another way of saying that she has something as characteristic in *A Heritage and its History* (Simon and Schuster. $3.75.), her sixteenth work, as in her first.

Miss Compton-Burnett's society, though it adumbrates the social scheme of things at large, is a uniquely small one. It is no more than the kind of traditional middle-class family that was noticeable in country households at the turn of the century. It has received, however, a treatment of isolation, so that relationships outside the grounds are at a minimum and oddities and perversities within are at a maximum. The result is what it always is in an enforced continuum. Everything is mannered: thought, speech, act. As a result, nothing is real, or, looking at the matter cubistically, the unreal is real.

The composition of a Compton-Burnett family is quite constant. This or that member missing on occasion, there are usually grandparents and parents, uncles and aunts, nephews and nieces, brothers and sisters of various ages, (the younger ones always well represented), and a miscellany of servants, governesses, and the like.

IT MUST be apparent by now that Miss Compton-Burnett's characters are anything but ordinary. Based rather on intimate experience than on recorded observation ("I have not the note-book habit, that is, I do not watch or listen to strangers with a view to using the result.") perhaps the next noticeable thing about them is that they live to talk. They may leave the house in which we meet them but it is only to talk elsewhere, that being another place hardly distinguishable from the one left. Often, so unimportant is change of scene that in a breath an individual who was gone is returned, and the talk, imperturbable and precise whether it come from ripened elder or callow youth, continues as before.

If this be the vice, let us quickly come to the virtue. For one thing the talk is triggered. It can suddenly go off into disclosures that range from the reprehensible to the horrendous: cheating, for example, in *Two Worlds and Their Ways,* a suppression of a will in *Elders and Betters,* adultery in *A House and Its Head,* illegitimacy in *Mother and Son,* incest in *Brothers and Sisters,* murder in *More Women than Men,* and matricide in *Men and Wives.* Nor are combinations of the enormities infrequent. Simple or complex, however, all are revealed as mercilessly as were ever their predecessors in ancient Greek or Elizabethan drama.

The conversation has another *raison d'être,* and that is to bring to attention the greed or egotism or striving for position, in a word, the will to power inherent in men or women. The various Creons of the household—Duncan Edgewood. Horace Lamb, Anna Donne, Sophia Stace, Bullivant—are of intent compact. Whether they hold forth in dining room or servants' hall, they want to dominate those about them. It is also in the text that their villainy should succeed despite our notions of poetic justice.

This and similar findings manifestly type Miss Compton-Burnett. As a matter of fact, despite her parlor tone, she is as much a rebel against the conventional—that is, hypocritical—in social relationships as a Lawrence or a Shaw. Indeed, unlike the latter, who often will, she does not play with strictures. This is so partly because she is too honest to sacrifice faith to wit and partly because she has a literalist's feeling for words and deplores an extravagance of thought no less than an expression of no-thought.

In this respect she comes close to George Orwell. Aware of degeneracy in language as he is, for her the premonitory symptom is not so much in the loaded as

Mr. Cosman writes frequently on literary and cultural matters for this and other magazines.

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in the commonplace remark. It is as if such utterance not only speaks of stupidity to her, but also of acquiescence and, by a declension, of untruth not the more excusable for being unintentional. And untruth she will not tolerate. A moralist, she leaps like a mongoose at every coiled cliché in her path and flips it to death.

Have you solaced yourself with the conclusion that people are only human? "But it really does not seem much for them to be." Do you believe we must be cruel to be kind? "Being cruel to be kind is just ordinary cruelty with an excuse for it. And it is right that it should be more resented, as it is." Has the assurance that you cannot eat your cake and have it always seemed very sound? Then hear her: "That is a mean saying. You could if you had enough cake. It is sad that it has become established. It throws a dark light on human nature."

MISS COMPTON-BURNETT would not be in the line of Jane Austen were she not capable of summations like the one in *A Father and His Fate:* "People have no chance to grow up. A lifetime is not long enough." Or this more mordant one in *Parents and Children:* "The two women lived in a formal accord, which had never come to dependence; and while each saw the other as a fellow and an equal, neither would have grieved at the other's death."

The needled thrust in this latest novel is nothing new, of course, with Miss Compton-Burnett. It shows up very early in her work. *Pastors and Masters* has a good illustration. John, a young victim, has been reduced to tears by his father's nagging. "Mr. Bentley," reads the passage, "just laid a hand on his head, and went upstairs and stood by himself, repeating his speech with additions which had not occurred to him." It is the phrase "with additions" that neatly pins Mr. Bentley in the showcase reserved especially for bullying hypocrites.

Searching out the archetypal, articulating severities about its possessors, refining on their characters like her seventeenth-century forebears John Earle and Samuel Butler, Miss Compton-Burnett catches up an impression of life which is strangely private even as it is essentially true to common knowledge. The judgment finds further confirmation in *A Heritage and Its History.*

Once again we have a claustrophobic group in a country house. Once again voices rise in stichomythic dialogue concerning family improprieties. As one speaker puts it plaintively, "Words are all we have. It is no good to find fault with them." Once again cued entrances and exits, character ascriptions, things overheard, naked truths about motive, pretense, and other aspects of human behavior space themselves according to a factitious plot.

By living too long (Miss Compton-Burnett's frankness is catching), Sir Edwin, the head of the Challoners, is causing pain to his nephew, presumptive heir to family title and property. Poor Simon! As in every course of love—his is for his rights—nothing runs smooth. But when his father, brother to Sir Edwin, dies, worse begins. Sir Edwin marries Rhoda for companionship as he says. The rash act precipitates rasher results. Simon usurps the old man's bed and Rhoda duly bears a child. To avoid scandal Sir Edwin accepts little Hamish as his own.

Simon is now even more distant from desired succession to the Challoner estate. His subsequent marriage to Rhoda's sister, Fanny (contiguity not love is Miss Compton-Burnett's Cupid), the raising of a family under cramped circumstances, the complications later initiated by Hamish's passion for Naomi, one of the children—she is a half-sister of course but Hamish thinks she is no more than a cousin—makes a satisfactory resolution of Simon's problems seemingly impossible. But Hamish's death, unprepared for as anything in E.M. Forster, restores order. Simon, much chastened but still dedicated to the family's fortunes, inherits all.

In Deakin, the admirable Crichton, and in Dolton, the harried-looking governess, Miss Compton-Burnett pays her respects to pantry and nursery in turn. If they may be said to represent the House as a going concern, its Civil Servants so to speak, who hold things together while the rights of succession are settled, then Claud, Emma, and especially Ralph stand for those who are ruled, ever acted upon but in some measure acting upon their rulers too, even if it is often in no other form than a spoken wish that they drop dead.

WE HAVE, then, familiar subject matter in *A Heritage and Its History.* There is a new emphasis, however; power in the sense of selfish arrogation no longer gets the spotlight. Sir Edwin, it will be noticed, is hardly more than a righteous Edwardian. And Simon? An unhappy warner against the poorhouse

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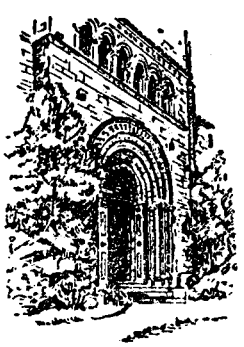

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when in trouble, he is but another Sir Edwin when out of it. In a word, the head of the family as overwhelming tyrant or victimizer is done with.

But that he is cast for a new role can be seen at the end of the story. Naomi and her brother, shown discussing who the hero among them is, decide that it is Simon. The choice could not have been objectionable to Miss Compton-Burnett, for she had assuredly been grooming him throughout as the embodiment of the will of the House or Family.

Like the creeper about which we hear from time to time, this will may be an encroacher on the lives of all who are subject to it, but it is also their warrant of much that is desirable. In tangential utterances, designed to meet needs as did antique pronouncements from the tripod, Miss Compton-Burnett lets one or another character speak of its comfort ("We rise and fall together."), of its service ("This is your background, your refuge in the case of need."), and, equating it with the past, of its continuity ("I think the past does more for us. It gives what has lasted, and so can continue to last.").

To last! Here is the end to which Miss Compton-Burnett's volumes have been pointing this long while. And here, too, her recurrent denial of the hierarchic family gives way to a nuanced acceptance.

BOOKS

Bridging the Gap Between School and Society

JOHN DEWEY'S CHALLENGE TO EDUCATION. By Oscar Handlin. Harper. $2.50.

By JOHN J. McDERMOTT

ALTHOUGH John Dewey has been chosen as the obvious scapegoat for all the ills affecting post-sputnik American education, his reputation seems to have rallied considerably in the last year. Books and articles continue to call for a basic and sympathetic revaluation of his philosophical and educational perspectives. A partial reason for this effort on behalf of Dewey is, no doubt, that 1959 was his centennial year. A more significant cause is found in the low calibre of much of the criticism leveled against him, and the response which this drew from his supporters. It is in such a context that one should view the publication of this book, originally given by Professor Handlin as the Second John Dewey Society Lecture.

In order correctly to assess the thought of John Dewey, it is necessary to keep two large problems in focus: the first has to do with his over-all philosophy of experience, best found in his mature philosophical works, such as *Experience and Nature* and *Art as Experience;* the second concerns the historical context in which his educational theories germinated and were put into concrete practice. This second area is the focal point for Oscar Handlin's significant and timely contribution to the study of Dewey's thought. In the best tradition of an historical monograph, he marshals original sources from every pertinent area of late nineteenth-century American life and attempts an outline of the "social and cultural context of American education in the period between 1870 and 1910."

Characteristic of educational theory at that time was a general proposition which held that the task of the schools was "to prepare its students for life." As Handlin notes, however admirable this was in intention, it became exceedingly difficult to put into concrete terms. As a matter of fact, close examination reveals the great gulf that existed between the schools and the over-all cultural experience at that time. Handlin indicates that this situation was symptomatic of the greater divide separating "official" and "popular" culture. In effect, the school was "cut off from, and battling against, the dominant currents of the civilization within which it existed." The historical evidence that Handlin introduces to support his general contentions about the divisive and miseducative character of the schools is by far the most significant part of the book. Any future criticism of Dewey must contend with this material.

The pervasive and pernicious division between school and society formed the general climate in which John Dewey began to formulate his basic educational theories. Handlin assesses Dewey's achievement in terms of his ability to develop his criticism of the divorce between experience and education in such a way that he was able to effect a revolution in American educational practice as well as theory. Furthermore, Handlin rightly claims that Dewey's ideas on education also vitalized his wider philosophical development as "they were integrally related to his comprehensive conceptions of the character of knowledge, the mind, human nature, the experimental process, and the value of democracy."

Dewey's first task was to reorient the educational situation around the notions of growth and experience and in this way to make possible the continuity of the school with the rest of life. For Dewey, contrary to the interpretations of his critics, education was not simply a preparation for what would be subsequently useful but was rather "getting from the present, the degree and kind of growth there is in it." The growth of which Dewey speaks does not, of course, refer simply to the acquisition of knowledge but rather to the realization of the human personality in all of its many dimensions. This process of fulfillment and growth is, in its most profound sense, a moral endeavor and Handlin wisely cites Dewey's statement that "from the very start, the child would become acquainted with, and through his life learn ever better, the relation-

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ship of knowledge to conduct. That was the most worthy function of his schooling."

Handlin closes his study with a short section on the contemporary relevance of Dewey's critique of education. While certainly not meant to be the burden of the book, it is unfortunately too telescoped to be of any real meaning to the overall context. But even in this brief section, Handlin is quick to disclaim Dewey's relationship with the more notorious, if seldom existent, facets of progressive education and he cites several texts in which Dewey comes out "for an effective source of authority" and against the emphasis on "how" to teach rather than on "what" to teach.

The polemical situation in contemporary education being what it is, these texts and others in the same vein are always welcome, but the really incisive character of Dewey's philosophy of education is to be found on a much deeper level than either his critics or proponents are willing to grant him. Professor Handlin's study indicates beyond any doubt the extensive character of the revolution wrought by Dewey's educational theory at the turn of the century. This should not mean, however, that Dewey is antiquated, for his thought is profoundly attuned to social and cultural change, being essentially a philosophy of process. Indeed, his philosophy could well be the point of departure for a new revolution of equal stature, again transforming our basic educational perspectives and placing them more in touch with the needs generated by our experience.

Sartrean Freedom

THE TRAITOR. By André Gorz. Translated by Richard Howard. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

By WILLIAM DUNLEA

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE has contributed a foreword to this auto-psychoanalysis by a previously unpublished author, and considering that it is thirty-six pages long and contains the sort of clotted, ingrown rhetoric that has made Sartre at times almost unreadable, this might appear to be a disservice in disguise. It is not without point, however, inasmuch as the author, lacking the "patience" to create a work of art, has favored us instead with what looks like a compendium of the inversions and perversions of Sartrean existentialism.

André Gorz is one of the most unreconstructed intellectuals of his time. Now in his thirties, he was born in Austria, fled to Switzerland after the Anschluss and wound up in Paris, where he has lived since the war and where he writes "to get rid of existence." With all that, despite being an avowed prisoner of abstraction, he is no friend of thought, which he condemns as "voluntary," and because it helped make him the subjectivist and negativist he is.

In addressing the reader Gorz rarely refers to himself in the first person, but most often as "he," occasionally as "A.G." or simply "G."; he also refers to himself as a half-caste because his mother was Bohemian and Catholic while his father was a converted Jew. He is reticent about divulging even such meager facts as these; he seems to have a horror of his readers' forming any conclusions about him that he has not sanctioned in advance; and he seems to believe he can tell us who he is by telling us what he thinks about himself, while only here and there sandwiching in a few discreet hints about places, things and other people. Thus we find ourselves, with the author, "Somewhere between Hegel, Marx and Merleau-Ponty."

"Guilty without appeal . . . deprived of being, reduced to his inner shadows, he experienced a kind of catastrophic earthquake—the universe collapsed, he fell into an abyss; his body was being stripped of his conforming and protecting identity, reducing itself to a heap of guilty flesh; self-conscious, virtually annihilated by his failure, he retired into a corner and longed for death." And that takes care of A.G. at the age of three. It should take care of him for the remainder of the book, but the Sartreans are notorious cliff-hangers.

Somewhere about this time he acquired a "nonidentification complex" and a taste for "subjective nullity." He despised his father because he was a merchant, but most of all when he found out there were such things as pogroms; he hated his mother because she was distant, ostentatious and boundlessly requiring.

His early youth is one "contradictory singularization" after another until he finds himself, or rather finds the emancipation of nothingness, in Sartre. For the latter, being is simply the revelation of non-being; his ontology might therefore be reduced to this paraphrase of Descartes: I exist, ergo I am nothing; a proposition which invites interminable speculative fireworks and semantic anarchy.

The self-imprisoning nature of Sartrean freedom is conditioned by the fact that all its choices have already been made for it by the *a priori* choice of despair; while the elaborate schemes for ethicizing this "freedom" end as rationalizations of a prerational fixation. There is, again, an insurmountable contradiction involved in attempting to create an ethic—or a real autobiography for that matter—in a nihilistic universe which refuses validity to the creative act itself. All the Sartrean obfuscations become transparent in a proselyte work like *The Traitor*, whose author's "treason" is grounded in prideful, dogmatic despair.

Finally, Gorz suffers from the same masochistic guilt complex that afflicts those European bourgeois intellectuals who can find liberating penance for their artistic tendencies and overindulged sophistication, as well as ostensibly for the sins of

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REVIEWERS

John McDermott, who took his doctorate in philosophy at Fordham University, is on the faculty of Queens College.

William Dunlea is a free-lance critic living in New York.

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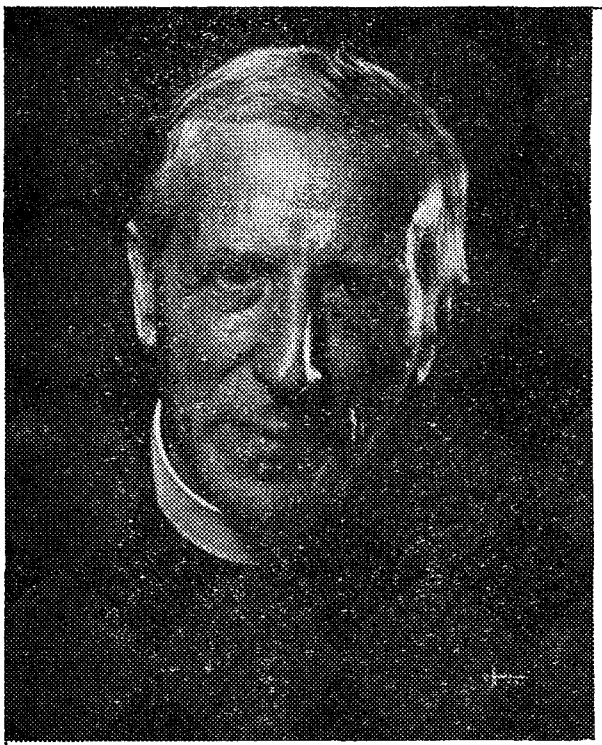

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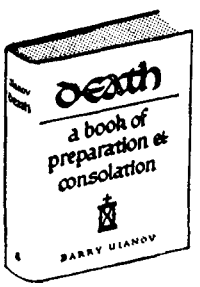
their decadent class, only in or within reach of the Communist fold. Both Sartre and Gorz have been trying to shadow out a Marxist resolution of the Heideggerian alienation; the former with the apparent hope of extricating himself from the metaphysical impasse to which his theories have brought him, the latter probably with the thought of at last terminating his misappropriations of "the Other." The only thing dialectical about the undertaking in either case appears to be the death-wish behind it.



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RECORDS

The Jazz Circuit

A NEW label, Strand Records, bowed in several weeks ago with "Peter Meets the Wolf in Dixieland," a four-button take-off of the Prokofiev classic. Hans Conreid's droll commentary and Pee Wee Irwin's supple trumpet are the class of Fred Hertz's and Joel Harron's imaginative spoof. Prokofiev's themes require but slight alteration to become such easy-swinging gems as "Pete's Theme" and "Requiem for a Blue Duck." A pleasantly listenable project, though the humor wears thin the third time around.

Bob Prince leads thirteen of the nation's top saxmen in "Saxes, Inc." (Warner Bros.), a follow-up of that label's profitable "Guitars, Inc." and "Trombones, Inc." albums. Prince divides the saxophonists into two groups, one consisting of the Jimmy Giuffre "four brothers" grouping of three tenors (Al Cohn, Zoot Sims and Morty Lewis) and a baritone (Sol Schlinger). A drums, bass, piano rhythm section fills out the band. Prince's arrangements are light, spacious and logical; he never lets the reeds overwhelm the rhythm or become blurred. Choice selections: Coleman Hawkins' soaring flight in "The Gypsy" and the Cohn-Sims-Lewis-Schlinger quartet's fluent "Early Autumn" and "Four Brothers." George Auld's syrupy "Sweet and Lovely" is the only clinker in the set.

After a period of trial and error, Charles Mingus' definite ideas about jazz achieve coherent form in "Mingus-Ah-Um" (Columbia). Given the assistance of sidemen who are familiar with his thought and style, Mingus discards the noisier aspects of earlier recordings and delivers intensely emotional performances that range from the poignant "Goodbye, Pork Pie Hat" to the caustic "Fables of Faubus." A long stride forward from Mingus's jazz workshop days and a vindication of his experiments.

Horace Silver, who worked with Mingus in the jazz workshop some years ago, has also come up with a combination that clicks in "Finger Poppin'" (Blue Note). Blue Mitchell's trumpet and Junior Cook's facile tenor furnish just the right complement to Silver's mercurial pianism. The title selection and "Juicy Lucy" mark Silver's quintet as an ensemble on the rise.

"Spirituals to Swing" (Vanguard) is a two-disc collection of recordings made during John Hammond's Carnegie hall Christmas jazz concerts of '38 and '39. Some of the giants of that decade are paraded in performances that make up in impact and persuasiveness their obvious sonic shortcomings. The early Basie band swings with abandon in support of "Lips" Page and Lester Young at the height of his powers. Charlie Christian sits in with Basie's Kansas City Six and Benny Goodman's sextet; Helen Humes sings with the Basie band; Lewis, Ammons and Johnson romp through some six-handed boogie; and luminaries such as Sidney Bechet, Big Bill Boonzy, the Golden Gate quartet and Mitchell's Christian Singers give of their best. No attempt was made to balance the sound and scratches are plentiful, but there is a point at which such technical considerations become academic.

"The Benny Goodman Treasure Chest" (M.G.M.) also dates from the late thirties with the same wretched sound that generally characterizes recordings of this period. These recordings were made from assorted air checks when the Goodman band was broadcasting on a regular schedule. The accent in the 3-disc issue is on smooth ballads and Fletcher Henderson arrangements that afforded some relief from the thudding Krupa-centered swing showpieces.

"Lambert, Hendricks and Ross" (Columbia) are three singers who, individually, are a cut above mediocre, but, as a trio, they rank as the hottest property on the jazz circuit. Their specialty is the bop vocal, delivered at such blurring speed that it assumes the aspect of an im-

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provised instrumental solo. When in high gear, as in "Cloudburst" and "Everybody's Boppin'," the trio builds up terrific momentum. When the pace slows, inadequacies show. The same three have recently recorded albums for A.B.C.-Paramount and World Pacific that are worth investigating.

Another vocal group of distinction goes by the name of the Signatures. Their second disc, "Prepare to Flip" (Warner Bros.), rings with Hi-Loesque falsetto squeals and an almost infinite number of harmonic changes and dynamic shadings. Prize of the collection is a vocal rendition of Count Basie's famed "April in Paris" arrangement, complete with one-more-time encores. Bracing music that is best taken in small doses.

Among the month's re-issues are a distinguished pair from New Jazz Records: "Big Stuff," an assortment of Early Gil Evans band experiments with such stars as Lee Konitz and Louis Mucci, and "Long Island Sound," late '49 and early '50 sides cut by Stan Getz when he and bop were in flower.

Benny Golson's well-ordered settings make "Brass Shout" (United Artists) one of the season's most satisfying offerings. First-class solos by Art Farmer and crisp support from Jimmy Cleaveland, Curtis Fuller and Ernie Royal give Golson's ideas extra dimension and drive. Golson's own "Minor Vamp" calls attention to his considerable gifts as composer.

Arranger Ralph Burns resorts to a full complement of strings in support of sensitive solos by Tony Bennett in "Hometown, My Hometown" (Columbia) Bennett's emergence as a jazz vocalist of genuine stature was one of the happier events of 1959. He continues to grow, deepening the favorable impression made in sessions with Basie in this brief, moody tribute to New York. "I Cover the Waterfront" hasn't sounded this way since the early days of Sinatra.

Dave Brubeck toys with several unorthodox time signatures in "Time Out" (Columbia), demonstrating that jazz need not be wedded to a 4/4 beat. "Blue Rondo a la Turk" (in 9/8) and "Take Five" (in 5/4) are more than enough to prove the point. The latter has a particularly joyous moment when drummer Joe Morello ranges far afield over Brubeck's rock-steady 5/4 piano figure. "Kathy's Waltz," "Pick Up Sticks" and "Everybody's Jumpin'" are further examples of the quartet's virtuosity.

Ahmad Jamal does friend Joe Kennedy a good turn and himself no favor at all in "Jamal at the Penthouse" (Argo). For this session, Jamal engaged Kennedy to arrange a string background for his trio. At best, the strings are superfluous; at their worst, they simply intrude upon Jamal's precise phrasing.

Those two old rascals, Rex Stewart and Dickie Wells growl at each other through "Chatter Jazz" (Victor) in amusing pieces that qualify as jazz only through the listener's indulgence. "Little Sir Echo," "Side by Side" and "Let's Do It" are as close as a trumpet and trombone will ever come to human articulation.

DON WOOTEN.

Also Notable

Ivory Hunters, Bob Brookmeyer and Bill Evans (United Artists)

Byrd in the Wind, Charlie Byrd (Offbeat)

The Pretty Sound, Joe Wilder (Columbia)

New York, N.Y., Jon Hendricks, George Russell (Decca)

Tomorrow is the Question, Ornette Coleman (Contemporary)

Motor City Scene, Thad Jones (United Artists)

Red in Bluesville, Red Garland (Prestige)

Jazz Alive—A Night at the Half-Note, Sims-Cohn-Woods (United Artists)

Jazz Track, Miles Davis (Columbia)

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Catholic Press Month

What will be the result of reasonably candid readership studies of the Catholic press? In some cases, of course, the findings will be gratifying both to editors and to salesmen. In others I think they will have to be buried. I think they will reveal that too many of our popular-level publications are speaking at the reader instead of to him. We are lecturing too much, listening too little. We are forever trying to mold our readers, too seldom studying their needs, interests, circumstances and preferences.

Obviously, I don't mean that Catholic publications should forget their didactic purpose. I would not deny, either, that the Catholic press has improved remarkably. But I think most of the improvement, especially in the diocesan press, has been technical rather than creative or genuinely professional.

We are still not sufficiently in touch with our readers; we are excessively ecclesiastical, relatively humorless, relatively narrow in the range of our interests and techniques. We report words (speeches, panel discussions, interviews, resolutions) far better than we present events, atmospheres, or personalities. Our apologetic and public relations functions are too much present in our minds; abhorring sectarianism, we fall into it too often. And all of this means that we are not having the impact we could and should have.

Hence, though I would heartily endorse the notion of thoroughgoing readership surveys, I would suggest that the first purpose of making them should be editorial. The expression of reader preferences should not be immediately translated into editorial directives, of course; the preferences should be treated as raw data to be pondered, discussed, used. . . .

—from an article by Robert Hovt
in The Commonweal for February 20, 1959.

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